



# WHO'S TO BLAME?

## A new Ballad on the Union.

AIR, "THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED."

I.  
THE week before *Camden* hopt off,  
The *Junto* attended his *Levee*,  
And swore his recall was enough  
To ruin the hopes of the *Bevy*;  
For, just as He kicked up the *Row*,  
And made a fine *blaze* through the Nation,  
To think of deserting them now,  
Must give all his friends fore vexation.  
Tol lol—de rol lol—de rol lol.

II.  
Says *Jeff'ries*, "Why, what can I do  
" With those hell-born lads of the *Lemon*?  
" They were once friends to Orange and Blue,  
" But now they're possess'd by some *dæmon*.  
" I scourged their broad backs to the bone,  
" Thought strangling and flogging would cool 'em;  
" But twenty times *better* they're grown—  
" So you must seek some other to rule 'em.  
Tol lol, &c.

III.  
" Besides, *Tommy Pelham* is off,  
" Quite sick of the job he had taken;  
" The work he thought damnably tough—  
" So he travelled, and saved his own bacon.  
" A climate too hot for poor *Tom*,  
" Can't be wholesome for my constitution;  
" I think it's high time to be gone—  
" Farewell, boys!—that's my resolution."  
Tol lol, &c.

IV.  
" My lord," said the *squad*, one and all,  
" If the sanction we lose of your *nomen*,  
" We fear it will cost us a fall,  
" And cut out tight work for our *Yeomen*.  
" For strangling and flogging the *Crops*,  
" We see was a bad speculation;  
" They're rising all round, thick as hops,  
" Upon us to wreak retaliation."  
Tol lol, &c.

V.  
But *Jeffries* was deaf to their suit,  
And swore, "'twas in vain him to *bother*;"  
So he left the wild Irish to *shoot*,  
To *strangle*, or *flog* one another.  
The French to invade us had swore,  
And vast preparations got ready;  
But had they in time reached our shore,  
The game was all up with poor *Paddy*.  
Tol lol, &c.

VI.  
We fell to work, "hammer and tongs,"  
The *Orange* and *Green* both together;  
With sabres, with guns, pikes and prongs,  
Each party the other did *leather*;  
With slaughter we strewed the green plains,  
Our cannons the welkin made rattle,  
And *piously* knocked out the brains  
Of men, women, children and cattle.  
Tol lol, &c.

VII.  
Exhausted with conflict and strife,—  
With vengeance and rage to each other!!!  
The Orangeman ravished *Crop's* Wife,  
And *Crop*, in revenge, killed *his* Mother!!!  
The Demons of Discord, their brands  
High flourished throughout the whole nation,  
And madmen, with parricide hands,  
Spread ruin and wide desolation.  
Tol lol, &c.

VIII.  
To settle this damnable *Row*,  
The gallant old *Conney* came over—  
The works of the loom and the plough  
And the national peace to recover:  
The standard of *mercy* he reared,  
Put an end to the system of terror;  
Tyrannic Oppression was scared,  
And *Croppy* repeated his error.  
Tol lol, &c.

IX.  
*Humbert*, and his *fans culotte* crew,  
Just landed in time to be taken;  
Of his allies, an ill-fated few,  
Got "what the cat left of the *bacon*."  
But just when the strife was all o'er,  
The Orangeman's pistol and halter,  
Revived the fell system once more,  
Which *Conney* came hither to alter.  
Tol lol, &c.

X.  
In Wexford and Wicklow, 'tis said,  
That *Orange* for *Croppies* went *grouching*;  
A cold-blooded slaughter he made,  
Though he sometimes came in for a dousing.  
The poor simple peasant was banged  
Out of loyalty into sedition;  
For, when caught, he was *pistol'd* or *bang'd*,  
On the verdict of—JUSTICE SUSPICION.  
Tol lol, &c.

XI.  
If found at his plough or his spade,  
Or his Anvil, with leathern *bib* on,  
Patt died by a *bullet* or *blade*;  
"For the rascal had no *Orange* ribbon;  
" And he wore a *frize* coat and *big brogues*—  
" Of rebels, the sure designation;  
" 'Tis *loyal*, such *craw-thumping* rogues  
" To *shoot*, or *hunt* out of the nation."  
Tol lol, &c.

XII.  
Thus seeing, by rancour and strife,  
The Paddies completely divided;  
The favourite scheme of his life,  
*Johnny Bull*, to adopt, now decided.  
"A *Union*," says John, "is the shears  
" For clipping the wings of all classes;  
" So I'll take from them Commons and Peers,  
" And load them with panniers, like *asses*."  
Tol lol, &c.

XIII.  
Thus quarrelled a Lion and Bear,  
As *Æsop* relates in his fable,  
And about the *slink* Fawn of a Deer,  
They fought long as either was able.  
When covered with blood up to th' eyes,  
A *Fox*, who long viewed them with terror,  
*Sly, sneering, milled off with the prize*,  
Leaving both to repent of their error.  
Tol lol, &c.

XIV.  
Now, our gracious good Monarch God save,  
And also, our FREE CONSTITUTION;  
And *shackles* and *chains* to the *slave*,  
Who consents to it's least diminution.  
Great Britain, we love and respect,  
And value her friendly connection;  
But, while he has means to reject,  
Patt never will crouch to subjection.  
Tol lol, &c.

\* The God.